HUE and CRY

AFTER

A Man-Midwife,

Who has Lately DELIVER'D the

LAND-BANK

OF THEIR

MONEY.

IF any Good Perſon, in Country or Town,
Eſther Courtier, or Citizen, Sharper, or Clown,
Gives Tidings or Tale, of a famous Projector,
Whom Great-Belly'd Ladies have mighty reſpect-for,
Shall at the Land-Bank *be as Nobly rewarded,*
As by the Truſtees it can well be afforded.
He's a little old Man, very pale of Complexion,
Into many Deep Things makes a narrow inſpection:
His Head's very Long, and his Hands very Small,
Fit to fathom a gentle Tuquoque *withal:*
In tormenting of which, as the Good Women tell us,
He ſtrangles more Necks, than the Rope and the Gallows.
Among his Profeſſion he's fam'd as a Topper,
By ſome call'd a Midwife, *by others a* Groper.
From his Office in Queen-ſtreet *he lately has ſtarted,*
And left his Society half broken-hearted.
Thus ſhow'd them a Trick, one would think was beneath-him
And run with their Stock, marry Devil go with him!
But yet he was ſo civil unto the Truſtees,
Tho he's taken the Cheſt, he has left 'em the Keys.
Of Iron 'twas made, and ſecured with Chains,
Being Lock'd with abundance of Cunning and Pains;
Which mingles their Sorrow with ſome little Pleaſure,
To think how 'twill plague him to come at the Treaſure.
By common Report into Holland *he's fled;*
If ſo, the Land Bank *is brought finely to Bed:*
For if to the old place of Refuge he's run,
Adzooks you're all Cozen'd as ſure as a Gun.
And you that are Chous'd, for your Money may mourn;
For Holland, *like* Hell, *never makes a Return.*
'Tis known to all Europe, *the* Dutch, *like the* Devil,
Takes dammable care of the Root of all Evil.

What Money is once carry'd into their Nation,
Is more hard to regain, than if ſunk in the Ocean.
If the Coin was incloſ'd (like the Soil in a Gizzard)
In an Adamant Coffer, lock'd up by a Wizard,
They'll ſhow him a way, by ſome Pow'r Infernal,
To break up the Shell, and to take out the Keruel.
A Bank to give Paper, and hoard up our Coin,
Was nothing at firſt but a Coz'ning Deſign:
And he, like a Man of wiſe Circumſpection,
Has ſhow'd the true end of a Roguiſh Proyection.
Conſidering how often the Nation is bit
By Projects, *and yet will not ſee thro' the Cheat,*
'Tis a wonder to me, we ſhould learn no more Wit.
We've Lott'ries from Venice, *and Banks from the* Dutch,
Tho' Holland *indeed has occaſion for ſuch;*
For if they were down, as abundance do wiſh,
They muſt die all like Puppies, *or live all like* Fiſh.
My Brains are ſo heavy, I vow and proteſt,
I muſt beg you'll accept of that Pun *for a* Jeſt.
For talking of Holland *ſo much, I'm a Dog,*
If my Fancy at laſt is not ſlip'd in a Bog.
But now to the matter, If any diſcover
The Man and the Money, and bring 'em both over,
He ſhall find the Truſtees of the Bank to be Noble,
And give him what e'er he can get for his Trouble.
To give you his Character truely Compleat,
He's Doctor, Projector, Man-Midwife and C----
Who has Cunningly manag'd a ſubtle Device,
Beyond the poor Parſon, or Auberry Price.
And all that I farther can ſay of the matter,
He's gone to the Dutch, *and the Devil go a'ter.*

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